THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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PACIFIC Theological Seminary

IT DOES NOT YET APPEAR!

The seedlet of the rose,
  While still beneath the ground,
Think you it ever knows
  The mystery profound
Of its own power of birth and bloom
Until it springs above its tomb?

The caterpillar crawls
  Its mean life in the dust,
Or hangs upon the walls
  A dead aurelian crust;
Think you the larva ever knew
Its gold-winged flight before it flew?

When from the Port of Spain
  Columbus sailed away,
And down the sinking main
  Moved toward the setting day;
Could any words have made him see
The new worlds that were yet to be?

The boy with laugh and play
  Fills out his little plan,
Still lisping day by day
  Of how he'll be a man;
But can you to his childish brain
Make ausht of coming manhood plain?

Let heaven be just above us,
  Let God be ever so nigh,
Yet howso'er he loves us,
  And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing "that doth not yet appear."

—M. W. Savage.

THE PACIFIC

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IN COMPANY WITH GOOD AND NOTABLE MEN.

The Rev. Dr. Locke, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, is unwarrantably disturbed about the welfare of the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast. In a sermon given on the 22d of March, excerpts from which were furnished for the Los Angeles Times, he said:

"It is more honorable to be an out-spoken Ingersoll than it is to be a cold-blooded, saint-attired, insidious conspirator and impostor, who in the garb, and with the tones of discipleship, comes under the cover of night, and delivers Christ to cursing desperadoes and ruffians. That is what the destructive critic is doing today. . . . The Pacific Coast, by a dismal irony of fate, has been tragically exploited by Judases among the disciples. When I was in San Francisco as a pastor a certain church was hurled into darkest woe and disgrace by the shameful confessions of its weak and sinning pastor, and now that same church finds itself paralyzed by a pulpit incumbent who seeks to enlighten the Christian people of California by bringing forward a defunct and lifeless materialism. The sooner these modern Judases show the full purpose of their traitorous tendencies the better for the Kingdom of Christ."

The first comment we have on Dr. Locke's utterances is to state that several of his Methodist brethren have expressed regret that he was so rash and unchristian in the use of his tongue. And one elderly minister who listened to him sometimes when he was pastor in San Francisco says that he had serious objection then to the many things he was accustomed to set forth in his sermons, in the fervor of his oratory, as historical that were not true to the facts of history. In Los Angeles, as elsewhere, Dr. Locke has been a popular preacher, and has done a good work. But "sensational" is the label attached to him by one of the ablest Methodist leaders on the Pacific Coast. Seeking always something striking, he has at last indulged in these unchristian remarks, seemingly unaware that great Christian scholars, in his own and other denominations, declare that the divinity of Christ does not depend on virgin birth and that a man can be a Christian and not accept the dogma.

The second thing to be said with reference to this utterance as well as to the use of the words "infidel" and "heretic" is that the men who are thus denounced stand in good company. On the list of persons so denounced in the past are the names of such world-renowned Christian men as Isaac Newton, Pascal, Milton, Fenelon and John Locke—whose illustrious name is now carried about on the streets of Los Angeles by the man who presumes to brand as Judases men known to be just as devout as he himself is. He ought to read and profit by the book on Toleration which good old John Locke wrote away back in 1689.

We do not need to go very far back into the past to find geology denounced as "a dark art"; as "dangerous and disreputable," as "infernal artillery,"—"an awful evasion of the testimony of revelation."

Only a little more than half a century ago many men of seeming intelligence were hurling at all geologists alike and especially at such Christian scholars as Dr. Buckland, Dean Conybeare, Dr. Pye Smith and Professor Sedgwick such words as "infidel," "assailant of the volume of God," "impugner of the sacred record." Farther back in the centuries it was declared, "Geometry is of the devil," and "Mathematicians should be banished as the authors of all heresies."

Copernicus went to his grave bitterly denounced because of the heliocentric theory proclaimed by him. It was only an early death that saved him from martyrdom. A few years later Giordani Bruno who was bold enough to proclaim the theory clearly within the papacy after an imprisonment of six years in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome was burned alive.

Even after Galileo's discoveries had removed the Copernican theory from the list of hypotheses, the war was long and bitter. His discoveries were declared to be deceptions and his announcements blasphemy. And finally in the weakness of his old age, worn out in body and mind by indignity and imprisonment he swore on his knees before the pope to "abjure, curse and detest the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth."

Lest our readers lay all these iniquities at the door of Rome let it be noted that John Calvin, the great Protestant leader, quoting the words in the 93d Psalm, "the earth is established, that it cannot be moved," asked, "Who will venture to place the authority of Copernicus above that of the Holy Spirit?" Dr. John Owen, a leader among the Puritans, declared the Copernican system a "delusive and arbitrary hypothesis, contrary to Scripture;" and that great Methodist, John Wesley, said that it tended toward infidelity.

It was John Knox who appealed to the Old Testament and declared in his day those guilty of idolatry might justly be put to death. Lecky states in his historical writings that with only two exceptions, Zwingli and Socinus, all the leading Reformers advocated persecution. Descartes was the author of the sublimest of modern proofs of the existence of God, and yet when he went to Hol-

land the reformed clergy directed against him all the forces of their animosity, and by the accusation of atheism endeavored to stir up the civil powers against him.

Later, when the evolutionary theories were proclaimed by Darwin, eminent theologians, among them Dr. Hodge of Princeton, denounced them as thoroughly atheistic. Dr. Duffield wrote in the Princeton Review: "If the development theory of the origin of man shall in a little while take its place—as doubtless it will—with other exploded scientific speculations, then they who accept it with its proper logical consequences will in the life to come have their portion with those who in this life 'know not God and obey not the gospel of his son.' "

That great Scotchman, Dr. James McCosh, checked the mad cry at Princeton, and aided mightily in checking it elsewhere, by showing that this unwarranted judgment was fast making unbelievers out of the students. Gradually the evolutionary hypothesis gained acceptance.

A few years ago Dr. Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, made the following pronouncement which doubtless has general acceptance today: "Whatever additional factors may be added to natural selection—and Darwin himself fully admitted that there might be others—the theory of an evolutionary process in the formation of the universe and of animated nature is established, and the old theory of direct creation is gone forever. In place of it science has given us conceptions far more noble, and opened the way to an argument for design infinitely more beautiful than any ever developed by theology."

But be this as it may, no intelligent persons seek any longer to blot out of the book of life the names of men who accept evolution.

Today the guns of theologians who fear that God is going to allow truth to perish if they fail to come to his aid and rescue are being directed at other men and other positions. Perhaps they are just as greatly in error as were their predecessors who branded as atheists and infidels and Judases the men of former generations who supported such theories and doctrines as those herein named which have since been established beyond all question. Most profoundly do we believe that the word of the Lord for them is, Bridle your tongues, for you are putting the Master to open shame!

DR. AKED'S STATEMENT OF BELIEF AS TO CHRIST WOULD SATISFY THE AMERICAN BOARD.

The Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, says that if a candidate for a commission to the foreign field were to come before the Board with such a statement of belief as that set forth in Dr. Aked's sermon on "Jesus Christ as Preached by the Liberal School of Modern Theology," it would be voted thoroughly satisfactory. Dr. Barton says nevertheless that the Board is conservative. Since coming here to give the Earl Lectures in Pacific Theological Seminary Dr. Barton has read Dr. Aked's much discussed sermon, and he expresses surprise that controversy arose over it. He says that this is evidence that in doctrinal matters the Pacific Coast is far behind the East; which, being interpreted, means that there are a good many "back numbers" here. This is what the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Day said to his Presbyterian brethren when they were accusing him of heresy and working to get him removed from the chair of Old Testament Literature and Interpretation in the theological seminary at San Anselmo. He informed his accusers and pursuers that he would not be harassed in any such manner in the East—that there he would be regarded as being in accord with the Presbyterian standards. Many of our readers know what the result was in Dr. Day's case. After several years of persecution he handed in his resignation, knowing that otherwise it would be forced in a year or two. He is now Professor of Biblical Literature in Olivet College, a Congregational educational institution in Michigan.

It is not surprising that Presbyterian pastors in California who lean toward the new theology hesitate to declare themselves. It would mean the undermining of them in a short time in their pastorates by that element which crowded Dr. Day out of the seminary. Contemplate the thorny road before Dr. Aked if the First Congregational Church of San Francisco were a Presbyterian church!

It is evident that some persons have been looking for trouble even in the First Congregational Church. Last week a member of a church of another denomination started to condole with Deacon I. H. Morse over what he regarded as the apostacy of his pastor, and was greatly astonished at the quick information that the deacon, as well as everybody else in the church, so far as he knew—was in hearty accord with the pastor. Light seemed to dawn on the solicitous friend, and it is thought that he departed with the conviction that there were perhaps some new truths to which he might be led if he were to seek for them with open mind.

We must not be misunderstood in the foregoing. It is no assertion that the members of the First Congregational Church agree in every particular with Dr. Aked in his interpretation of Scripture. Largely they do agree. As to that in which they do not agree, they are of opinion that there is room for a difference of interpretation; and that their pastor is in line with all of the essential doctrines of the Christian faith.

The fact that Congregationalists are so united has started some of the extremely conservative people to question whether their conservatism may not be blocking the progress of the Church Kingdom; and California will see good growing out of this controversy. About fifteen years ago a council was called in California for installation in one of our churches of a young man who had come from a pastorate in another state. Among the members of that council were Dr. Foster, who then occupied the chair of systematic theology in Pacific Theological Seminary, and Dr. Adams, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. The young man would not dogmatize as to the virgin birth, and Professor Foster could scarcely bring himself to favor his installation. Dr. Adams had not given the subject much investigation; he liked the spirit of the young man and voted for installation. Later, with the spirit of a learner, he entered anew on the study of the subject, and soon declared that belief in the virgin birth was not essential to Christian faith and life. Professor Foster, we understand, goes beyond that today, and no longer accepts the doctrine.

Where Justice lights the passing hours,
Where Love is wise and tender,
Where beams the radiance of the skies,
There shines a day of splendor.

Christopher Cranch.

LET THE PEOPLE HAVE THE FACTS.

The Pacific has no fight to make against the doctrine of the virgin birth. From the first it has given the principal arguments in support of the doctrine. We are, however, insisting that a man can be a Christian and not accept it; that the divinity of Christ does not hinge on it, and that belief in it should not be made a prerequisite to Christian fellowship.

We hope to dismiss the original controversy and everything growing out of it with this issue of the paper. At this time,, however, we cannot refrain from comment on an article in the San Francisco Examiner of last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Winn of Richmond, Virginia.

The spirit of the article was admirable, Dr. Winn refrained from abuse of those whom he tried to answer. We have space for the consideration of only one statement, but it was as strong as any that was made by him.

With reference to prophecy, Dr. Winn said: "Isaiah prophesied that a virgin should conceive and bring forth a son who should be called Immanuel (God with us). We prefer the Apostle Matthew's interpretation of this Scripture to that of Dr. Aked. Perhaps most people will agree with us in this preference."

This is "the famous Immanuel prophecy"—one which has awakened much discussion. It reads in the English: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

In the gospel by Matthew this prophecy is applied to the birth of Jesus. Scholars, however, tell us that the Hebrew word rendered virgin may also be translated "young wife." The idea of virginity is not implied in it necessarily.

Moreover, any one who will turn to the 7th chapter of Isaiah and read the verses following the one quoted will see that the context indicates plainly that reference is made to some event in the near future and not to one seven hundred years late.

In "The Beacon Lights of Prophecy," a book by Professor Knudson of the divinity school of Boston University, a Methodist Episcopal institution—and published only a few weeks ago by the Methodist Book Concern, we find this given as the generally accepted interpretation.

Dr. Knudson says: "But, with this limitation the meaning is far from clear. The interpretation which is at present perhaps the most widely accepted ascribes no special significance to the child Immanuel. The name means God-is-with-us, and might be given to any child born at the time of some national victory or of some special good fortune. In this instance the supposed occasion of the giving of the name is the withdrawal of Judah, Pekah, and Rezin from Jerusalem. This event will take place within nine months, for the young woman who is to be the mother of Immanuel, is already with child."

Dr. Winn makes no mention of this interpretation; but applies the prophecy to Jesus because Matthew has done so. Before the quotation can have any strength in his argument he must needs show that the scholarship of the world, which stands for the plain meaning of the context—as referring to some event near at hand, and not to an event several hundred years in the future, has nothing to support it.

Dr. Winn's article is as weak throughout as it is in this particular instance. If that is the best The Examiner can produce to satisfy the Roman Catholics and others offended by Dr. Aked's article, candor compels us to say that it will not be convincing to well-informed, thoughtful people.

It is a shame that the reading public in general cannot have the facts in the case. We are of opinion that in that event very many would come around to the declaration made several weeks ago by The Pacific that the virgin birth is something almost, if not quite, impossible either to prove or disprove.

SECRETARY BARTON SPEAKS CONCERNING THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD

The Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, the senior secretary of the American Board, spoke at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity concerning the work of the Board in such a manner as to leave with all who heard him a profounder sense of the worth of this society. It is evident that the American Board has in the mission field a force of workers unequaled in their training, ability, constructive power and and religious fervor. A glimpse at the administrative side here at home was given. Every Tuesday afternoon the prudential committee meets in Boston. It is composed of six business men and six ministers who give themselves unreservedly to the work for three hours that afternoon—and nothing, except sickness or death or other things over which they have no control, is allowed to come in to keep them from that meeting. There are men on the committee who, serving without pay, save in one way and another thousands of dollars for the Board every year. Illustrating their devotion to the work is the declination of one member to allow himself to be nominated for mayor of his city because his election to the office, quite sure to follow, would take him from his service on the American Board.

In the course of his remarks Dr. Barton spoke of the estimate placed on the missionaries of the Board. Roosevelt, it was said, once left his place in a procession to take by the hand the Rev. William W. Peet and tell him how gratifying was the great work he was doing in Constantinople; and many a time has the word gone out from the department of state at Washington with reference to some important foreign affair, "Do not act before you have consulted the missionaries."

In explanation of the high standing of the American Board work all around the world Dr. Barton stated that the policy was to lay responsibility on the workers in the field, and to train the native workers to bear responsibility.

A QUOTATION FROM A LETTER.

We quote the following from a letter received by the editor a few days ago, written by Mrs. W. F. Hyde of Los Altos:

"I want to praise, in every way, as to spirit, expression, and timeliness, the leading article in the recent **Pacific** on the insidious dangers of Mr. Older's philosophy. When a man in assured position pats the criminal on the shoulder and says, 'Never mind, you didn't really mean it, and any way, you couldn't possibly help it,' his smile is doubtless more agreeable than the unwavering gaze of **Justice.** But one can't help wondering with a sickening fear what the effect will be if this is kept up indefinitely. The attitude of The Bulletin seems to some of us to lead to moral, if not political anarchy. It is also an easy road to a certain sort

of popularity, and in view of this we must acknowledge that **The Pacific** article was the work of a brave man, as well as a far-seeing and sensible writer.

"Then the words of 'H. V. H.' on the coming 'Prophetic Conference' in Los Angeles told many unhappy truths. For some months we were in a church largely controlled by a representative of 'The Los Angeles Bible Institute.' A favorite expression with these people is that **they** just 'teach the Bible, **the pure Bible.**'. This attitude, among unthinking listeners, gives them a peculiar weapon. It can be used as a branding iron to stamp as **'not believing the Bible' any opponent** who prefers to interpret Genesis somewhat in the light of Oriental imagery, and who cannot subscribe to the old-time legal theory of the Atonement. Can a man even read the Bible aloud without interpreting it by every intonation? Each speaker's personality colors his thought of the Word; it is impossible that he should give us **the pure Bible.** And if it comes to interpretation, I can see no reason for accepting the interpretation of the apparently half-educated members of a Bible Institute, rather than the sober work of devout and learned teachers in our schools of theology—even including the much-maligned 'higher critics.' One institute speaker declared that the people were 'just hungry for the pure gospel—they were tired of sermons and 'all this attempt at oratory.' A clever youth standing by, who was wicked enough to read Darwin and Lyman Abbott, murmured behind his hand, **'I** like almost anything better than **attempts at exposition.'** "

MODERN VIEWS WELCOMED.

In a sermon Sunday before last the Rev. Dr. Aked referred to and quoted from letters received by him in which gratitude was expressed in that he had spoken as he had on doctrinal matters. One man, a colonel in the army, wrote that if he had had such a preacher to listen to in his younger days he would now in all probability be a professing Christian and a church member instead of standing aloof. Another, a minister, wrote that it would be easier hereafter for him and others to stand for the truth. Dr. Aked remarked in the close of the sermon that the one hope of safeguarding Christianity in the 20th century lies in the ability of the pulpit to reframe its dogma, recast its theology, and frame its message in harmony with the progressive revelation God is giving in history, in science, and in human experience.

A CORRECTION.

Last week The Pacific aimed to give the names of all the ministers who were on the platform at the Scottish Rite Auditorium meeting. This was in order that our readers might know how thoroughly united Congregationalists hereabouts are as to that on which we are insisting—freedom of thought and expression with reference to doctrines non-essential. Two names were omitted. Those of Revs. F. A. Bissell of San Lorenzo and E. C. Oakley of Mill Valley.

One name was on the list, however, which should not have been there—that of Professor Parsons of Pacific Theological Seminary. Only Congregationalists were invited to the platform. Professor Parsons is a Baptist.

It may be remarked here that we do not know of a Congregational minister in this part of California who is not in accord with all for which The Pacific has been insisting.

DAN CRAWFORD'S COMING.

Rev. Ray F. Carter.

One of the most remarkable men in America today is the man who spent twenty-two years in Central Africa in the long grass, and who proposes soon to return to his adopted country for the remainder of his life. Dan Crawford is a wit, an accomplished linguist, a student, and a man of mighty faith. Twenty-two years ago he entered Africa in a slave caravan. Thirty-two months later he reached his journey's end. He settled down under Mushidi, the monster who ruled a great slave kingdom in Central Africa. After Mushidi's career was brought to an end by a British expedition, Crawford began building his mission stations on Lake Mweru. At the end of ten years of solitary labor he was reinforced by a young woman from Bristol, England, who has shared all his toil.

As fruits of his labors he has today five Christian schools for natives and a church of one hundred members. He has six miles of house frontage replacing the hovels, and sixty miles of good roads in place of the original trail through the tall grass. The New Testament and Psalms, as well as "Pilgrim's Progress" have been translated into the native tongue.

Crawford began life as an independent, and he never has been able to change his ways. He went to Africa on his own responsibility, he owes allegiance to no mission board, his methods are his own. He went into Africa with nothing, on the theory that "you must strip yourself of impediments in order to outwit the cupidity of the black man." He was virtually secretary under Mushidi, and acquired a knowledge of Africa and Africans second to no man's.

His great book "Thinking Black" moves us to tears by its story of a people who had died from their sin, and in sin, but for the light which has come to them after many days. There are passages in this book which are unforgettable; black men and women with their sordid ways, their crooked morals—crooked as the jungle trail; their keen wit, their human hunger for God, flash before us in these strange, powerful, fascinating pages. Here are passages whose beauty haunts the mind. Here is a touch of irresistible humor; here a flash of unmatched spiritual insight. The slave traffic is stripped to the bone, and we are spared not one of its horrors. To balance it we read of the "sacred sight of a group of grey woolly heads in a meeting, listening with a glaze over their eyes and a fog over their souls . . . who believe with aged bodies and childhood hearts. Summer has come late to them, but it is the summer which knows no winter"; or we read of the mother who five times sold herself into slavery to different masters, "so as to be near her boy." Can words give a better idea of Africa than these? "Imagine a land of huts from ocean to ocean, a land in which not one noble castle ever lifted its grey towers above the ancient forest; a land of holes and hovels, the huts built in a few days and lasting about as long." He writes of the young black Christian as a "sort of negro Columbus setting out to discover a new world of wonder," who defines heaven as "the en-

tering into all the highest times, and places, and manners, and methods of living life," and who "delights to push out into the adjacent hamlets with the Gospel." "Africa's true evangelization begins," he writes, "when the simple negroes start to talk about redeeming love among themselves."

This man has given us a book much of which was written on scraps of paper, at odd moments, at midnight, by the campfire, which shall live as one of the unique books of the world; he has been a mighty social, economic and religious force in Africa; he has stirred by his candor, simplicity, independence and masterfulness the religious life of America.

Crawford's engagements thus far in the Bay region are as follows: Friday, April 10th, 11:00 University of California, 8:00 p. m. First Congregational Church, Berkeley; Sunday, April 12, 11:00 First Baptist Church, San Francisco, 3:00 First Methodist Church, Oakland, 7:30 First Congregational Church, Oakland; Monday, 10:30, Ministers' meeting; Monday evening, First Baptist Church, Oakland; Tuesday, First Baptist Church, San Francisco; Wednesday, 3:00, meeting Occidental Board Rooms; 8:00, First Congregational Church, San Francisco.

A RECORD-BREAKING CONVENTION.

William Norris Burr.

I am writing on the day following the close of the Twenty-second Annual Christian Endeavor Convention of Los Angeles county, which was held in Pomona, March 20-23. It ill be nearly two weeks after the convention before The Pacific containing this letter will reach its readers, but a report of such work as has been done here during the past three days never becomes stale. Because the good news was made the basis of all the effort, a report of the proceedings will be newsy at any time.

This convention was set for a February date; but when the day came the floods were upon us, and the thirteen hundred delegates throughout the county who were just ready to start for Pomona were obliged to unpack their grips and suitcases, and stay at home; and Pomona, standing with open arms to receive her guests, swallowed her disappointment and went to work to devise greater things for them when the flood damages should be repaired, and the railroads and electric lines should again be in running order, making transportation possible. The convention was postponed for one month.

When the month had passed another flood came down upon Pomona—not a flood of waters this time, but of bright, eager, impulsive young people, just at the must-be-doing-things age when, perforce, they will be bubbling over with enthusiasm for **something.** It will do no harm to the young people nor to Pomona that the enthusiasm in this case took hold upon the treasures of the spiritual life, and in its way attempted to make these values more real to young and old.

The convention opened on Friday evening, March 20. At the session on Saturday evening it was reported that 1369 delegates had registered. On Sunday evening the announcement was made that the registration had grown to 1800! It is something to be reckoned with—such an army of Christian young people gathered in a county convention.

Of course young life let loose is likely to be making something of a mess of things, with its impulsiveness, its enthusiasm, its assurance, but better a mess of Christian pottage than a pot of devil's brew. And what is the church in the world for if not to be regarding with open vision, as prominent among its responsibilities, the perfectly natural exuberance of the world's young life, and to turn it into the way of Christian life and service, committing it to the guidance of the Higher Wisdom, and Power, and Love, and thus keeping itself alive, and buliding up the kingdom?

Henry Drummund once said: "What the world needs is not so much more Christians as a better brand of them." It is possible that there is some way of organizing our young people for the production of a better brand of Christians that is far superior to the Christian Endeavor way; but if that be true, why does not somebody who thinks so arise and touch the button and set the machinery of the better organization a-going, as the Endeavor work has been going and growing? The demand is not for the "Christian Endeavor Society," **per se,** but for the best possible method of procedure for turning out the finest possible brand of Christians. Perhaps the seed of a new and better organization is sprouting in the brain of some man of vision somewhere, that shall respond to the Divine touch someday and go thrilling the nations with finer service than has ever been, or ever can be wrought by the Christian Endeavor movement. But just now the hand of God appears to be resting upon Christian Endeavor and kindred young peoples' societies, and some of us seem to be hearing the voice of Gamaliel as he stands up in the council and addresses the men of Israel; and we refrain from wholesale criticisms. We long for something better, if that be in the Divine plan, that shall prove that "Christian Endeavor" has done its work and must give place to the one mightier than cometh after it; but though "Christian Endeavor" may be only the John the Baptist preparing the way for "something better," it is worthy the consideration due to such a forerunner—God's herald, bearing the signs of His approval.

"The Surrendered Life" was the Convention theme. From the address on Friday evening by Dr. John Balcom Shaw, of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, all through the various rallies, department conferences, Bible sessions, general convention meetings, etc., the appeal was for "the fullest, richest, closest spiritual life attainable in Christ Jesus." It is true the appeal was sometimes made in boyish sentences and in girlish simplicity, and some pet phrases were so often repeated as to pall upon some sensitive ears, perhaps; but I noticed that the rank and file of the towns-people who were present were more alert when, for example, one of the younger Convention speakers was urging "a little love affair with Jesus Christ" than when others of years and training spoke in more studied terms on themes that were steeped in bookishness. There was not much of that sort of sermonizing in the convention, however. Almost every address, from first to last, was simple, direct, enthusiastic, young-peopleish. Why should anything else be expected in a convention of young people?

The music was stirring, to say the least. A chorus of over one hundred voices from Los Angeles and vicinity—an organized chorus that meets for practice every Monday night under the leadership of Prof. L. F. Peckham, a man

who evidently has a keen sense of the heart value of a "gospel hymn"—led the great congregation in its service of song, and the multitude responded handsomely to the energetic leading. Two pianos, played with the vim that catches most young people, helped to put "stir" into the service.

But the clatter was more than "mere noise." The leader frequently called attention to the "words" of a hymn, their expression of praise, of thanksgiving, of aspiration, of tender spiritual experience. One could not help wishing that the same care to impress singers with "what you are singing about" might be a feature of all our church services.

The young people were positive, full of assurance, dogmatic—of course they were. So was I when I was at their age. So were most people—if not in religion, then along any other line that was attractive to them. But as I sat in the convention meetings quietly studying the proceedings and contrasting some things I saw and heard with the efforts of some who are older grown, and who look upon all this youthful religious enthusiasm as frothy and foolish, I seemed to be drawn very tenderly near to One who, with uplifted eyes once prayed: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Pomona, California.

BY-THE-WAY REMARKS.

Candid Observer.

In the March Scribner is a picture reminding one of magazine illustration before the invasion of cheap halftones. It is by Yohn, and model for an Irish Idyl, a story by Amanda Mathews, a California writer who is honored out of her own country as much as she is loved within it.

Someone writing as a "sentimentalist" finds himself unable to express his admiration for the Vicar of Wakefield without yawning his weariness of the names of Heney, several others, and then of Dr. Aked, at whom the shaft is aimed. I, too, am weary of those names in connection with the petrified mentality of those incapable of understanding their meaning or sympathizing with their motives.

Long before the holidays a strong loooking man established himself on the sidewalk at a certain point on Market street, for the sale of monkeys. Not real ones, with the Darwinian dignity of a place in human evolution, but just toy ones, not in variety either, but all alike. As far along as March the man was still there. Wishing no one any measure of pain or discomfort, I have often thought it would be a comfort to the man's self-respect if, asthma, or heart weakness, or some such thing justified his trifling occupation. Why not leave the monkey business as a side line for the maimed seller of shoe strings and pencils, and let the big man who can walk and breathe work where wind and muscle count? This paragraph, however, is not meant for criticism. It aims at a suggestion. Perhaps we all make serious business out of playthings. Perhaps we all waste real power on trifles. How much of what we strive at may be merely monkey business after all.

In a country village lately I saw a group of young fellows reading, with evident feaar of discovery and interruptions, a certain paper of the kind given to slander and immoral suggestions. The circumstances reminded me of one whose evil degeneracy expressed itself, some time ago, in the mania for spoiling fine clothes. San Francisco remembers the "ink-thrower," the person who appeared on Van Ness avenue and managed to ruin many beautiful dresses with a deluge of ink. And a gown is nothing compared with a reputation, and immeasureably more despicable than the mysterious ink-thrower is the slanderous journal that will send boys skulking to a corner that they may blush unobserved in reading what it has to say .

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE WORKERS IN PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

It has been decided by the Headquarters Committee of the Anti-Saloon League of America, whose general offices and publishing houses are in Westerville, Ohio, to throw the whole power of the organization and resources into the support of the "Dry California" campaign this year.

While the general headquarters of the League are in the place named, it has more than 100 fully equipped offices in all the principal cities of the nation. It has more than 800 salaried officers and employees, and publishes about forty periodicals throughout the country, all directed against the liquor traffic.

In California, the principal offices are at San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Sacramento. The center of the California operations will be in San Francisco, where Rev. Dr. A. C. Bane is now in charge. The legislative work is in charge of Rev. D. M. Gandier, who is recognized as one of the astute and most successful men connected with the organization.

The League will immediately begin systematically sending its most powerful speakers into the field and continue that policy increasingly until the final vote is taken in November. Among the star speakers already scheduled to canvass the state are such men as ex-Governor Malcolm R. Patterson of Tennessee, ex-congressman and one of the most powerful orators of the entire South.

Twice was Mr. Patterson elected governor of his own state, and, until a few months ago, he was the strongest advocate of the licensed saloon in America. He vetoed prohibition bills that had passed the Tennessee legislature, pardoned convicted liquor dealers by the wholesale and spoke on the platform in defense of the trade. Some months ago, he was converted and joined the Presbyterian church in his home city of Memphis. Shortly afterwards, he reversed his position on the liquor question and has since fought for prohibition of the liquor traffic with greater fury than he formerly supported it.

Ex-Governor Robert B. Glenn of North Carolina, is another of the "governors" who will speak in behalf of a dry California. Hon. John G. Wooley, at one time candidate for president on the Prohibition ticket, is another of the "big guns" who will take part in the California fight. Others who will come to California to take a hand in the fracas for the national organization are Rev. Dr. Purley A. Baker, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League; Rev. George W. Morrow, of Michigan; Rev. Sam.

Small, of Georgia; Ernest H. Cherrington, general manager of the publishing interests of the Anti-Saloon League of America; Dr. Howard H. Russell, founder of the original Anti-Saloon organization; Rev. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, legislative superintendent of the League, Washington, D. C.; William E. Johnson, formerly chief officer of the United States Indian Service, now editor of the New Republic and managing editor of the thirty odd periodicals of the League; and the famous baritone singer, A. M. Thatcher of Chicago.

Because of the importance of carrying such states as Washington, Oregon and California, League leaders will use every effort to make these states dry. They declare the whole country west of the Mississippi river is ripe for prohibition. The opening of the Panama Canal, with the prospect of great increase of foreign population, makes it imperative, in the minds of League men, to vote the west dry now.

Ex-Governor Patterson and Dr. Purley A. Baker are the first of the National League speakers to enter the state. These speakers opened their campaign March 29, speaking in the afternoon at Pasadena and in the evening at Long Beach. Their other appointments in the state are: Los Angeles, March 30; San Diego, March 31; April 1, Riverside; April 2, Los Angeles; April 3, Fresno; April 5, San Francisco, in Y. M. C. A. auditorium at 3 p. m., and in evening at 8 at Piedmont Pavilion, Oakland; April 6, San Jose; April 7, Stockton; April 8 Sacramento.

The next team of orators is Hon. John G. Wooley and George W. Morrow of Michigan. Their dates are: Aprli 12, San Rafael; April 13, Santa Rosa; April 15, Tulare; April 16, Hanaford; April 7, Porterville; April 19, Santa Monica; April 20, Whittier; April 21, Alhambra; April 22, Santa Ana; April 23, Pomona; April 24, Monrovia. Dr. Morrow will remain permanently in the state.

Dr. Howard H. Russell, founder of the League, enters the state with dates as follows: April 12, Berkeley, in Ostrom Tabernacle at 3 p. m.; April 19, Richmond; Aprli 21, San Mateo; April 2, Santa Clara; April 23, Napa.

Rev. Sam Small, the famous Georgia evangeliist and one of the strong League orators, will strike the state at Red Bluff on April 22, and continue in the state for a large part of the campaign. Other national speakers will enter the state from time to time as the campaign develops.

Ernest H. Cherrington, general manager of the publishing interests of the League, is now on a tour of the Pacific states, making business arrangements for the campaign of the National League.

An elaborate literature campaign is being planned also by the national organization. The headquarters of this has not yet been determined upon, but it will be somewhere in the West. This service will be in charge of William E. Johnson, who acquired the sobriquet of 'Pussyfoot" during his strenuous five years at the head of the government service of suppressing the liquor traffic among Indians, and who is well known in California. Johnson organized this service for the government, which is now in charge of the present chief officer, Mr. Henry A. Larson. During Johnson's regime, more than 3,400 convictions of crime were secured and the traffic in intoxicants was well nigh annihilated on numerous reservations throughout the country. Eight officers of this service have been murdered since its establishment—two of whom were murdered in California—which indicates its dangerous character.

It is the policy of the Anti-Saloon League organization to throw the whole weight of its power into any state where a campaign is on for statewide prohibition. In this way and through this medium, the whole temperance resources are centered for the fray in that particular state.

AN EXPERIENCED MISSIONARY TO BE TEMPORARY PACIFIC COAST SECRETARY OF AMERICAN BOARD.

The Rev. John K. Browne arrived from the east last week to take temporary charge of the American Board work on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. Mr. Browne is a graduate of Harvard College and of Andover Theological Seminary. After a brief pastorate in Massachusetts, he was sent out by the American Board in 1875 to the Eastern Turkey Mission. Since then he has then in charge of a field half the size of the State of Washington, centering in the city of Harpoot. He has been an evangelistic missionary, having supervision of the churches and directing all efforts for the extension of Christianity in that section of Turkey. In the vicinity of Harpoot there are 2500 villages. Mr. Browne has conducted church and evangelistic work in one hundred of these, each one being a center for a circle of communities. It might be said that he has lived on horseback, his travels taking him over a wide extent of territory in the Euphrates Valley and the mountain districts of that part of Turkey which lies over against Russia and Persia. He has endured many hardships and perils among the Turks, Kurds, and Armenians. It may be said of him, as it was of the Apostle Paul, "in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst and cold and nakedness." For these thirty-eight years he has been a veritable missionary hero, and has planted the banner of the Cross in many a Turkish community. Notwithstanding all the opposition, he has won his way by his earnest Christian character and his friendly ministries and messages, until today he is the best-loved man in all that region.

Since his return he has been in great demand among the churches. Perhaps no missionary of the Board on furlough is more sought after than Rev. J. K. Browne. The stories he tells of his experiences in that far-away wild country are of entrancing interest and full of spiritual suggestiveness. Whoever hears Mr. Browne will never forget the experience.

GILBERT ISLAND BIBLES.

From the Bible House in New York a thousand Bibles have just been sent on a voyage of fifteen thousand miles. They are a part of the eighth edition in the Gilbert Islands language printed by the American Bible Society, and their destination is Sydney in Australia, there to be reshipped to Ocean Island and Apaian in Micronesia. The preparation of the Gilbertese text was the loving labor of a lifetime to the famous missionary translator, the late Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham. The finished books disclose a happy collabora-

tion of Bible Society and missionary in giving light to the isles that "wait for His law."

In the bindery at the Bible House poison was worked into the covers to discourage insect foes; the packing-room was turned into a tinshop while the books in parcels of twenty were soldered up in tin to guard against wetting by waves or weather, and the shipping office supplied the tin cases with fifty stout boxes as armor against rough handling by stevedores of many races—all these pains being taken to insure the safe arrival of the precious freight at the Gilbert Islands. The cost to the American Bible Society of this consignment was $1,367. It is a free grant to the American Board's Micronesian mission. While the missionaries are free to give away the Bibles at their discretion, they will return to the Bible Society the net proceeds of sales among the people of the islands.

Ocean Island, to which the most of these Bibles go, is only a mile and a half in diameter, a mere dot on the Pacific Ocean, almost under the equator, some five thousand miles southwest of San Francisco. But the forty boxes landed at Ocean Island will be sent or taken on adventurous voyages of two hundred miles or so to other islands of the Gilbert group, by Mr. Richard Grenfell of Australia, who acts for the American Board. The secret of the choice of this little island as a distributing center is its great wealth of phosphate, which attracts steamers and makes trade serve evangelism. Steamers going to Ocean Island for phosphate that will fertilize the fields of Australia, carry from Sydney the Scriptures printed in New York to be the seed of a spiritual harvest throughout the Gilbert Islands. So the ends of the earth do praise the Lord.

MOVING DAY AT OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

Southern California has of late been having an epidemic of anniversary and other celebrations. A couple of years ago Pomona celebrated her quarter centennial, and only a few weeks ago had another "big doings" on account of the installation of her new chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Two or three of our churches also have celebrated their quarter centennials in a more modest manner, however, than the colleges. And now we find Occidental College with all the pomp and circumstance possible, officially closing her first twenty-five years of life, and beginning the second by moving from the old and cramped quarters in Highland Park to the new and more suitable ones in Eagle Rock Valley.

Readers of "The Pacific," and Congregationalists in general, have been familiar with the rapid growth of Pomona, but few outside of Los Angeles have realized that in the southern end of the state we had a number of colleges which, in the breadth of their work, and the increase of their resources, are rivalling the older and better known schools of the East. With Occidental, the University of Southern California, little but excellent Whittier College, the new University of Redlands, and our own Pomona, there is no lack of oppurtunity for any young man or woman to get the education he wishes in this end of the state. And the best of it all is that these schools are in no sense "fresh water" colleges, but schools which do first class work, and have equipment and resources to insure their continuance as reputable institutions. Even Whittier, the smallest of the group, with only 13 instructors and 120 students, has a productive endowment of $150,000, and in the lines along which it works is up to the best standards.

Of these schools the third in order of age is Occidental, which was established under the direction of the Presbyterian order. Its first few years, while it was housed in a building in Boyle Heights, were far from auspicious, and when in 1896 its building was burned little hope was entertained that it ever could amount to anything. But then its first building in Highland Park was erected, and from that time until the present it has grown steadily, both in attendance and resources and in public estimation. Since the coming of President John Willis Baer this development has been especially marked. Now that it has its new campus, with its excellent and attractive group of halls, an even more successful future may be predicted, for it is on a firm financial basis, having something over $310,000 in endowment.

Among the features of the big celebration were a letter of congratulation from President Woodrow Wilson, addresses from President Wheeler, in behalf of the Northern universities, and from President Blaisdell, representing the Southern colleges. Seven honorary degrees were conferred, among which were those of Doctor of Laws on William Shaw, of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. George C. Eldredge, the well known minister of St. John's Presbyterian church, of Berkeley, and on the Rev. Augustus B. Pritchard, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Los Angeles.

H. V. H.

DR. BROOKS CALLED TO PERMANENT PASTORATE IN BERKELEY.

Last Sunday the First Congregational Church of Berkeley by unanimous vote gave a call to the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks to the permanent pastorate at a salary of $2800 a year. In connection with his work as pastor Dr. Brooks will give four hours a week to lectures on homiletics in Pacific Theological Seminary, continuing thus the work to which he was called last year in the chair of homiletics and pastoral theology in the seminary, but being released from all other work therein. The Seminary will pay a salary in addition to that paid by the Church. It is understood that the relation with the seminary will be taken up for further consideration in April 1915. For months there has been without exception on the part of the members of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley a desire to secure Dr. Brooks as permanent pastor. But some wanted him for the church alone—without connection with the theological seminary. Although it was evident that in the double relation for six months the church work had not suffered, some doubted the wisdom of a permanent relation of that kind. An acceptance of this call, which is assured, will place Dr. Brooks in the regular and permanent pastorate, and will make possible, automatically, a consideration again, at the end of the first year, of the relation with the seminary.

The First Congregational Church of Berkeley, as already stated, very earnestly desires to have Dr. Brooks as pastor. At no time for twenty years was the church able to secure an evening congregation of more than a few dozen people

until the Sunday evening services were started by him last August. Since that time the evening congregations have numbered as many as 450—the usual attendance being about 300 except a few evenings when there were such meetings as the Ostrom evangelistic series which all were advised to attend. The morning congregations have been on the average nearly double the size at any other time in the history of the church. The Christian Endeavor attendance has been advanced about three-fold and the Sunday-school and every activity and department of the church have shown marked changes and advancement. In fellowship and co-operation the church has been so bound together as to increase greatly its power for good.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

By action of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association on March 10th, co-operative relations with the Northern and Southern California State Conferences in the conduct of Oriental work were authorized to begin from April 1st, with the same appropriation from New York, and with the same appropriations to the missions until October 1st as have hitherto existed. Under these new co-operative relations, the corporation of the California Oriental Mission will continue merely as the legal owner of the mission buildings, but all the work will be directed by the State Conferences under a budget and a general policy established by the American Missionary Association. The District Secretary of the American Missionary Association will be ex-officio superintendent of Oriental work in both Conferences, and will be the executive agent of both Conferences for detailed administration of the work.

Each Conference, through its director or a sub-committee appointed by them, shall have full charge of "appointing workers (who shall then be commissioned by the Association), fixing their compensation, making payments, and the use and upkeep of real estate."

No change in the present force of workers in the Oriental Missions is contemplated, nor any change in local administration, merely bringing the missions and branch churches into direct connection with the American Missionary Association and with the official bodies of the churhes.

A LETTER FROM ONE WHO SITS IN THE PEW.

Editor of Pacific:

We in the pew have been very much instructed and interested in the curent discussion concerning eternal verities. It has set us to doing a good deal of thinking on these great themes. There is one aspect of the subject that is exceedingly agreeable and that is, that we are in substantial agreement as to essentials. These are so many that I could not attempt to name them at this time, but I wish to refer to one in which I find great comfort; that is, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," to borrow a phrase from Gladstone. There are many opinions of the how and where of the inspiration of the Scriptures, but all agree that the Scriptures contain, at least in places, words spoken or written by the very inspiration of God. Now, we all know that it is "Impossible for God to lie," and that our Lord Jesus Christ is "the faithful witness." Whatever God says is infallibly true. No one can deny that "All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." We can rest implicitly and finally on what God says. When he speaks there is nothing else to be said, that is, nothing in opposition. There is in us all a demand for such an infallibility, and if we are convinced that we have really heard or seen or come to know by experience the very word and voice of God, that is sufficient for us. We can rest upon it for time and for eternity without any fear or doubt whatsoever. Our Savior said, "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me." Let us listen gladly and intently for that clear and guiding voice and all will be well. CHAS. F. WHITTON.

CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

The meeting last Monday evening of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity, in the First Church of Oakland, was the best attended one for some time, and afforded a delightful fellowship.

Deacon I. H. Morse, of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, presided.

The Rev. Dr. Walter Frear gave an address, which was full of optimism as to the future of Christianity, the world and the Pacific Coast, and the countries across this western sea.

The Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, the senior secretary of the American Board, introduced by Mr. Ralph C. Goodwin of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., spoke of religion as commanding the greatest attention in the world, and the work of the extension of Christianity as the greatest work in which people could be engaged.

In a graphic way he depicted the strength that has come in mission work in and through co-operation, and the transformation wrought in countries all around the world by these devoted heralds of life as it is in Christ. Everywhere the laws of Christ are being written into the laws of the nations. Missions had made the Bulgarian empire. And Yuan Shi Kai's tribute recently to missionares and to the cause which they represent is but one thing giving promise of the firm establishing everywhere ere long of Christ's kingdom.

The attitude of China at the time of the Boxer uprising in 1900, and now in 1914, was contrasted as marking an advance in sentiment betokening great things in that land for Christianity, and thus for China as a future world power.

A delightful feature of the program was the solo by Miss Edith Benjamin, the tenor solo by Mr. Hugh J. Hughes, and the duet by Mrs. G. G. Winchester and Mrs. W. E. Nicholson.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer was elected president; Dr. Rice of the First Church, San Francisco, vice-president, and Charles Bufford secretary and treasurer.

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On your front parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?

—Lowell.

Among the Churches.

Glendale.—The pastor, Rev. E. H. Willisford, Ph.D., has just finished a series of four addresses upon the following topics: March 8, "Is there a Devil?" March 15, "Is there a Hell?" March 22, "Is there a God?" and March 29, "Is there a Heaven?"

Avalon.—From April 13 to April 17 the second Annual Retreat for Congregational Ministers will be held in this church. It is expected that the attendance of last year will be largely increased. A matter of added interest to all who were present last year, and to those who expect to attend this year, is the fact that the genial and scholarly host, the Rev. James M. Campbell, has very recently been honored by the conferring upon him by Pomona College of the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

San Jacinto.—On March 1st, 1914, Rev. James Muir accepted the pastorate of the Congregational church of San Jacinto. A small building for the primary department of the Sunday-school has been put up since the first of January, and is now being occupied. March 17 the Woman's Missionary Society held its all-day meeting and mite box opening with a very good attendance and splendid interest We are pleased to have $40.00 to send to our State Treasurer for missionary work, and hoping for as good returns for the opening in the fall.

THE BAY ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The last meeting of the Bay Association was on the 10th of March, in the Richmond Congregational church of San Francisco. Report of it was crowded out of The Pacific last week for reasons obvious of course to all.

The meeting was one of fine fellowship and of large interest and value to all who were in attendance.

In the afternoon there were seven fine addresses on "Twice Born Men I Have Known." The speakers were the Revs. G. W. Hinman, G. D. Yoakum, J. Rowell, E. B. Hart and W. C. Pond. Stories of remarkable experiences and transformations in lives all around the world were told in graphic manner.

The hour about which the greatest interest centered was that given to the examination of Mr. Sidney W. Wilcox for ordination.

Mr. Wilcox graduated from Pacific Theological Seminary a few years ago. As a student and afterward he had charge of Sunset Congregational church, San Francisco, where he did a most excellent work. In addition to his preaching and pastoral work he reconstructed with his own hands the church building and when he went later to the church at Soquel left an abiding impress on that part of San Francisco in which Sunset church is situate.

Mr. Wilcox's statement of religious experience and belief before the Association was exceptionally able and complete, and satisfactory. Superintendent Rathbone, Secretary Fisher and others spoke of him in a highly commendatory manner, and without a question, acting solely on the statement of belief presented, the Association voted unanimously to ordain him at the evening service. The sermon was by the Rev. Raymond C. Brooks; the charge to the candidate by Mr. Arthur Arlett; the ordination prayer by Prof. Buckham, and the right hand of fellowship by Superintendent Rathbone.

An invitation to hold the meeting in the autumn in the North Berkeley church was accepted.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson was chosen as Moderator: Rev. E. B. Hart as scribe; and Rev. F. A. Bissell as registrar.

Committees were named as follows:

Business Committee: Rev. G. W. Hinman, Rev. A. B. Snyder, Rev. F. A. Bissell.

Credentials Committee: Rev. Robert Walker, Prof. G. T. Tolson, Deacon I. H. Morse.

Missionary Committee: Dr. J. W. Buckham, Mrs. F. B. Perkins, Rev. E. C. Oakley.

Proportionate Benevolence Committee: Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Rev. R. G. Harbutt, Mrs. R. C. Brooks.

Approbation to Preach: Dr. R. C. Brooks, Dr. W. F. Bade, 1914.

Nominating Committee: Dr. W. F. Bade, Rev. J. B. Orr, Mr. C. Ham, Rev. Robert Walker, Mr. Ruthroff.

Prudential Committee: San Francisco side of Bay—Dr. C. F. Aked, Rev. E. Belden Hart, Mr. L. L. Morse—for 1914. Oakland side of Bay—Rev. C. L. Mears, Rev. A. J. Kennedy, Rev. Miles B. Fisher—for 1914.

LOS ANGELES MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Los Angeles Congregational Ministers' Meeting met Monday, March 16, for its usual session. Dr. Brooks, in the absence of the president and vice-president, presided.

Two speakers occupied the time, the first being Mr. Tsunushima, the Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tokio, Japan, who is here in America as the representative of the Japanese churches, seeking to foster better relations between the people of that land and the Christian people of this country. The second speaker was Rev. F. P. Posselot of the Mt. Hollywood Church, who spoke on "Socialism." The debate which followed was keen and vivacious.

Because of the departure from our midst of Miss Meme Brockway, who is so well known to all Sunday School workers of this end of the state, at least, the following resolutions were adopted:

'Inasmuch as Miss Meme D. Brockway has resigned her position as Secretary of the Southern California Sunday School Association to enter a wider field of service in Philadelphia, as Elementary Superintendent of Sunday School work in the Baptist denomination.

Resolved, that we, Members of the Congregational Ministers' Union of Los Angeles hereby express to Miss Brockway our deep appreciation of her long and faithful term of service in Los Angeles and of the wise direction and high ideals which have characterized her work here. And even more do we wish to express appreciation for the earnest spiritual quality of her service.

It is further resolved that we, Members of the Congregational Ministers' Union of Los Angeles, extend to Miss Brockway hereby our most cordial wishes for her future success in the new work she is to undertake.

The mind of the pessimist is like a dark cavern into which no ray of sunshine falls.

THAT EASTER OFFERING!

I desire through the Pacific to call attention to the fact that, in accordance with the national benevolent scheme, April is the month assigned to the Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Societies for their annual effort in behalf of our Church Building Work.

This year the church chosen for encouragement is the Lincoln Heights in Spokane, youthful and vigorous, well born and promising, destined to do great good for the Kingdom, but needing a suitable house in order to be most effective in its work. Pity, possibly, that the immediate friends of the movement cannot build its meeting house themselves, but not thus have churches been erected. Fellowship has been necessary, and this has been and is expressed through our Church Building Society.

Among the latter's constituency are the young people of our churches, who thus far have been instrumental in helping more than four-score congregations to rejoice in a suitable home. This will be the Ninety-first.

The amount necessary is $1500 as a grant—not a large sum for our Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Societies. A conservative estimate is that our Congregational youth number seven hundred and fifty thousand. Could an average of a dime from every one be realized, there would be $75,000 for Church Building, a sum none too large in the present stress and strain of this work.

But though such may not be realized, some expression, it is hoped will be made by the youth of every one of our churches and for these reasons.

(1) The church needs the $1500 at the earliest possible date.

(2) The building society, with applications far beyond its current income, will welcome the relief which the Sunday school and C. E. Societies may thus afford.

(3) The youth need the educational value of such effort. Church building is absolutely essential if Congregationalism is to do its work, and it is well nigh impossible without hearty and wide-spread co-operation. Our Young people are sooner or later to be the leaders in Congregational advancement. They cannot learn too soon of the significant part played by C. C. B. S. in the forward movement of the kingdom as committed to us.

Remember that April is the month, that the Easter offering can be devoted to no more worthy cause, and that copies of the recently prepared exercise, **"The Church House for Tomorrow,"** may be obtained of the undersigned.

New England and the Middle West will rally in this behalf. Will not the Pacific District gladly do its part?

H. H. WIKOFF, Field Secretary.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

J. Edwards.

The meeting held at the Westminster church to receive reports from leaders of the "Efficiency Campaign" was full of encouragement. All the reports indicated that the campaign was a success, and all who took part in it are convinced that it is a movement in the right direction and if made an annual feature will bear much fruit, in increased efficiency in all the churches. In the evening all the churches of Spokane were represented and splendid addresses were delivered by Rev. C. Veazie, B. C. Preston, E. E. Burtner and T. H. Harper—all bringing a message of hope and inspiration.

The interior of the Westminster church has been decorated, making a great improvement in appearance. This church is making wholesome growth in every respect, under the vigorous and inspiring ministry of Dr. Harper. He is one of the most active ministers in this or any other city. During his ministry of a little over six months he has made 476 pastoral calls, delivered 144 sermons and addresses, attended 203 meetings, conducted 16 funerals and officiated at 11 weddings. There have been 40 additions to the church with corresponding increase in Sunday audiences and in Sunday-school and prayer meeting attendance.

The work at Colfax, under the strong ministry of Rev. J. H. Bainton, continues to grow. There were 18 added to the church at the last communion, and every department of the church is doing efficient work.

The veteran Rev. T. W. Walters and wife have returned from California and settled in their home on the hill at Colfax. We all rejoice with him and loved ones in his improved health. The operation performed at San Francisco was a perfect sucess, and seems like a miracle. We bespeak for Bro. Walters many years of usefulness.

The church at Trent is prospering under the ministry of Rev. E. Bean, 12 having been added to the church recently.

Rev. G. H. Wilbur's ministry proves efficient at Sprague. A vested choir of 16 members leads n the singing, and the monthly sacred concerts draw crowded houses. On several Sunday evenings symposiums on great religious themes, such as "God," "Heaven," etc., have been given by laymen, which have proved attractive and profitable. Three united with the church on confession last communion.

Spokane, Wash., March 27th.

NOT FOLLOWERS OF TRADITION.

"They call us aliens, we are told,
Because our wayward visions stray
From that dim banner they unfold,
The dreams of worn-out yesterday.

We fling our answer back in scorn;
'We are less children of this clime
Than of some nation yet unborn.'

The generations as they rise
May live the life men lived before,
May hold the thought once held as wise,
We leave the easy peace it brings.

One golden charge we give to youth;
Against the sceptered myth to hold
The golden heresy of truth."

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hands. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Francis Quarles.

To do it no more is the truest repentance.—Luther.

The Home.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Would God that I had died for thee!"
It is the world-old cry
Of loving hearts bowed low in grief,
"Lord, why was it not I?"

Thus oft amid fast-falling tears
We mourn above our dead,
Thus, unresigned, we wish that we
Might die for them instead.

But, ah! our eyes are holden,
And the joy we cannot know
Of those He summons yonder
Till we may also go.

Then let us wait with patience,
As these dear ones did wait,
So patiently, so bravely,
In the chamber over the gate.

In the old, old chamber of sorrow,
A place which yet may be
A chamber of blessing also,
Where death's great mystery

May seem less dark and fearful,
For the Lord of time and fate,
The Lord of life and death, is here—
In the chamber over the gate.

—A. M. Gordon.

MUD PIES THAT MOTHER DOESN'T MIND.

"Oh-hoo-o-oo! oo-hoo! Ruthie!" "Comin'!" exclaimed my 4-year-old niece as she scuttled out the front door in answer to the call from the sidewalk. And then I deliberately eavesdropped. "Come on over to my house and play mud pies." "Why don't you play mud pies in my yard?" retorted Ruth. "I have a place where you can make the kind of mud pies that mother doesnt' mind. It's lots of fun."

I sought Ruth's mother. "Ruth says she can make mud pies in her back yard, the kind mother doesn't mind. But how expurgated mud pies can be any fun is beyond me."

"Well, go and be convinced," advised my sister-in-law. "Just take a look at the sand table John made for Ruth."

It needed less than half a look to convince me that a sand table in the back yard or in the playroom is full of possibilities. As John had constructed it, the table could be used in any nursery without being messy or untidy. He took a large dry goods box 4x4 feet at the base and sawed it off at the sides until a railing four inches high was left. One end was fastened on with hooks that it might be removed and the sand table cleaned when necessary. The table was lined with zinc, though oilcloth or linoleum would do as well. From the sawed off sides of the box he made four substantial legs that raised the table just high enough so that Ruth could play in it, her hands on a comfortable level for work when she was standing upright. Then the whole table was given a coat of bright red paint. When I commented on the brilliancy of his choice, John said that Ruth had made the selection of color. A load of clean sand, a pail of smooth pebbles which Ruth herself had collected, a trowel and a watering can completed the equipment of the sand table.

The sand must be sprinkled and stirred until it is evenly mixed and damp enough to mold readily and retain its form. Strings, twigs, pebbles, pieces of paper and tiny dolls lend vividness to the scenes on the sand table.

Sand Table A Satisfactory Avenue Of Self-Expression.

This table is merely another very satisfactory avenue for self-expression for the child. Drawing gives the same training in observation, also enabling the child to depict humans and animals; but the completed picture must always remain flat. It cannot give to the child the pleasure of reproducing the objects exactly as he sees them. The same is true of paper cutting. It is fascinating and a splendid training for the refinement of sight, attention, observation and measurement, and the co-ordiation of muscles; but even the most beautiful cut-out is still only a cut-out, a silhouette. To complete the child's equipment for self-expression we need a plastic material.

Clay supplies this need to a certain extent, but after it has been worked and rolled for some time in warm little hands it becomes unsatisfactory for modeling and has to be dampened, kneaded, and allowed to stand for some hours. For finer artistic work in modeling clay is of course the material par excellence. But when we want things expressed in a broad way, portraying scenes from stories or historical anecdotes, the most telling material at our command is the mud pie. The sand in the sand table must not be just dirt; it must be good sand, screened to prevent the danger of soft fingers being punctured by stray bits of glass.

At first glance the sand table may seem mere play, a conventionalized game of old-fashioned mud pie with a few extra trappings and knick-knacks. It is more than that; like so much of the play materials for the modern child, it enables him to learn much that is distinctively educative while he plays. More and better than that, it brings these new impressions home to him in such a way that the memory stays with him.

You may read a story about an Indian village to your child, but he has not thoroughly classified and put the information it gives him in working order until he has reproduced the salient facts in drawing, paper cutting, clay modeling, on the sand or in story form. The story is valuable because it gives him a grasp of language, but the same training can be given when he is reproducing with his hands, and one of the greatest factors in the sand table work is the possibility for group work.

Most little people need to rub shoulders with their own kind before they acquire the correct social poise or feeling. By that word "social" I do not mean the child's relation to society as expressed in pink teas, but his relation to the social body as expressed in daily life. He must early learn to respect the rights of others. He must learn the law of "no trespass." The sand table is a fine field for just this training when the children can work in groups.

Group Work Trains Children To Respect Rights Of Others.

Ruth, her chum and I all worked at the sand table at the same time. But each had her own appointed task and her own allotment of the table. For instance, one day after they had listened wide-eyed to the old story of "The Three Bears," we decided to reproduce the tale on the sand

tabl. Ruth at one end constructed Goldilock's house; her chum took the forest with the flowers that tempted Goldilocks and the winding paths, while I was instructed to make the home of the three bears. Ruth did not like the house made entirely of sand because she had her mind made up that windows and a door that really showed were better, so these were made out of cardboard.

Benita made a forest by modeling the trunks of the trees from sand and then sticking aster branches in the tops for the foliage. All the paths were carefully outlined in tiny pebbles and delighted the neat youngster until Ruth remonstrated that "paths arent like that in the woods."

"That's right, they're not," agreed Benita, and the pebbles were carefully picked up and put back in the pail, while she traced a path with her fingers.

When cold weather came the table was transferred to the playroom and we had glorious afternoons of mud pies. That winter John was reading aloud an account of the cliff dwellers in our own southwest. It evoked a great deal of discussion among the grown-ups in our family and evidently much of the talk seeped into Ruths mind. One afternoon she astonished me by suggesting that we should build a colony of cliff dwellers.

We found some splendid illustrations in John's book and I took the responsibility of bringing it to the playroom. We modeled a fine overhanging cliff honeycombed with the queer dwellings of this interesting prehistoric people. I bought some tiny dolls, which the little girls decked out in red blankets and feathers filched from an abominable feather duster. Unfortunately the dolls were white. "But that doesn't matter!" exclaimed Benita; "we'll wrap them in the blankets and put feathers in their hair and make believe."

Story Of Cliff Dwellers Offers Good Material For Reproduction.

From the bare outline of the cliff dwellers' abode we passed on to a study and portrayal of some phases and customs of their lives. The children made pottery and instruments of clay to be used in this illustration of the ancient race. The ladder of thongs, the hole where they dumped refuse, all kinds of descriptive minutiae were portrayed on the table.

If you imagine that the children will lack interest in detail and indulge in slipshod fooling at the sand table, just devote a week to showing them the importance and possibilities of sand. Have them illustrate the homes and stores in their own neighborhood. Then show them drawings of the homes of our American Indians, tepees Indians about the camp fire, the well trodden path to the water supply; all these can be vividly reproduced in sand.

The Eskimos and Laplanders give fine opportunities for some very effective bits of sand stories. So do the South Africans with their thatched huts and any of the primitive people whose dwellings are easily constructed. You may make the work just as much play and just as educational as you please. But if you have to deal with a wide-awake 4-year-old, you must first inform yourself thoroughly on your subject, for you will find that the children will ask you questions which, to be answered correctly, will require a definite knowledge.

The thing we construct with our hands we are quite likely to remember.Have the children, as much as possible, model something worth while. But the great secret of success in the use of the sand table is to present it always to the children in the form of play. Guide them when you can, but make yourself one with them, play and enjoy every minute at the sand table. When you or the children lose interest stop work immediately.—Manthei Howe in The Continent.

TRAINING FOR HOME-MAKING.

It is no exaggeration to state that in New York city alone 100,000 girls and women are now studying homemaking—not prefunctorily, but with the greatest attention and interest. They get results, and their skill shows for itself. When they bake a cake or make a pie or pudding, everybody can see how well or ill they have done, so they determine to do well. Their hands move briskly before their white aprons, their eyes shine with eagerness under their white caps.

And there is nothing exceptional in the New York situation, says a writer in Mother's Magazine. San Francisco is doing the same thing, and so are Boston, St. Louis, Chicago and all the big cities, likewise the litle cities and, moreover, the towns. Homemaking is the mode now, the most up-to-date thing there is; girls who want to keep in the fashion must learn the old, old arts made new by having new names attached to them—and must learn them thoroughly.

The whole country, from east to west and from north to south, has awakened to the value of this teaching and is extending and emphasizing it. Never was seen a more far-reaching reform or one with more important consequences.

Now the American girl emerging from the high school knows how and can do everything about her home she has been practising it under the eye of a keen expert for years. Incompetency in the kitchen will not impose on her, nor indignation there terrify her—she is sure of her ground. She can slip into an apron and prepare the meals for the family without feeling that such skilled labor is either a hardship or a degradtion.

The butcher must doff his hat to this newest woman. She knows what is best as well as he. She buys to advantage and can plan a week's meals so as to reduce waste to a minimum. She is also a match for the grocer and the milkman.

Girls who go out into the world of industry and commerce to earn their living, as a rule do not stay there. Their average time in such employment is not more than five years. Whatever else they may do, and however well they may do it, their real life business is homemaking. There they best serve themselves and the community. And the new teaching in the schools fits them for this high and dignified task. It also makes more homes and better homes possible.

Only the other day, magazine writers were gravely cogitating over the question, "Can an American Family Live on $1000 a Year?" quite oblivious of the fact that the average family income in the United States is not even $500 a year. And the writers decided in the negative—it couldn't be done.

But this new teaching in the schools puts a totally different face on the matter. The girl is to be as competent as the man, and just as willing to do work. She will know her business just as he knows his, and together it

will be a joy to meet adversities and trials and triumph over them.

For The Children.

THE WILLFUL FISH.

Did you ever, ever hear
Of anything so queer
  As the little fish who wouldn't learn to swim?
For he said: "I want to fly
Through the air above so high
  And to be a little bird upon a limb."

Then his good old mother said:
"With such notions in your head
  You can never be of any use to me:
So you'd better go away
From home this very day
  And try your luck a-living in a tree."

Said the foolish little fish:
"I am sure that if I wish
  I can sing like any bird—very sweetly."
But a man came along
With a line and hook so strong
  And caught the little fish—very neatly.

—Frances Denmore.

A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE VOICE.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who went to the country to visit his cousin Kate. He was nearly six years old, but had never been out of the city before. It was springtime, and oh, such a beautiful, beautiful place! The days were not long enough, there were so many things to see. Everything seemed wonderful. But what delighted him most was the waking up of trees and plants that had been fast asleep so long. They looked so brown and hard, he had thought they must be dead. But every day out came a little leaf or flower that nodded to him, and seemed to say, "How do you do? See, we are alive!"

One day he watched Cousin Kate scattering tiny brown seed into boxes filled with earth. "They'll never wake up, will they?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him, they would turn into little plants that were going to live in the garden. There they would grow strong and big and have on them something his mother often bought in market that was good to eat. She set the boxes on a bench near some cedar trees at the end of the garden, where the sun would shine on them, and covered them with glass, "For Jack Frost might pay us a visit some night and hurt them."

Every day the little boy would get on his wooden horse, which he loved to ride, and gallop up to look at them. And, sure enough, in a very little time there were dozens of tiny green heads peeping out. But one day, as he rode up, his wooden horse ran too fast and before he could stop him the bench and boxes were knocked over. Out tumbled the plants, the roots and leaves all in a tangled heap.

The little boy looked at them with wide, frightened eyes, and then he got on his horse and rode away. Faster and faster went the wooden horse. But somewhere away off a little voice kept saying:—

"Aren't you ashamed? Aren't you ashamed?" Louder and louder grew the voice and slower and slower went the horse, until he stopped quite still.

"Cousin Kate will be angry and will send me home," answered the little boy.

"But you ought to tell," said the little voice. Slowly he turned the horse and rode toward the house—round the corner—oh, so slowly! Cousin Kate was sitting on the side porch sewing. She looked up and smiled at him. The little boy tried to smile back, but he couldn't. Then he tried to speak, but his breath seemed quite gone. He swallowed hard and tried again:—

'Cousin Kate—a—little boy was riding his horse in the garden—and—and he upset your boxes of plants. He's sorry"—

Cousin Kate put down her sewing and came down in the path. She took his facee between her hands and looked straight into his eyes.

"I am so glad the little boy told," she said gently. "Will he help me plant them again?"

The boxes were set back in their places, and, when the last little root was covered and well watered, the little boy got on his horse, and galloped gayly away. And all the time the little voice kept saying: "Aren't you glad you told? Aren't you glad you told?"—Mary Galloway Woodall, in the Churchman.

KEEP AT IT.

The two hands that surprise us most in what they accomplish are the little hands that run around and around on the face of the clock. You may stand before the clock and watch ever so closely and you can not see them move; yet they do move silently and steadily every minute. While you play, while you study, while you sleep, they are at work measuring off every minute in every hour of all of the twenty-four hours in the day of all the days in the year.

Did you ever stop to think that those two little hands have measured every minute of your life? When you were a tiny baby in the cardle, they measured off the hour for your morning nap; they measured out the hours in which you should kick and crow and grow sturdy and strong. They measured the ten or eleven months before you began to walk. They measured the years in which you might run about the house and yard and play from morning till night. Then there came a day when they pointed to the hour when you must start to school; and after you went to school, they kept right on measuring off the time you would stay at school, the time you would have for play, for eating, for sleeping, for study. See how they have worked for years and years and years. Yet you look at the little hands and they do not seem to move.

How can they do so much, when they seem to do so little? It is because they "keep at it." They never get tired, or impatient, or discouraged, but in cold weather and in hot, on long days and on short ones, when it is pleasant and when it is unpleasant, they keep at their work.

The little hands teach this wonderful lesson: No matter how slowly you may seem to work, if you "keep at it," you will accomplish a very great deal. A boy may be slow with his lessons, but if he "keeps at it" he will be an educated man. Any task, however difficult, will be performed if you "keep at it" long enough. When once you have made up your mind what you want to do, just determine that you

will keep at it until that thing is accomplished, and you will never know what it is to fail at anything.—Youth's Kind Words.

A BORN LAWYER.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants,—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed-corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shot-gun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer without answer, continued, "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames, when the hired girl rushed out with more water."

'Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer,—

"Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said, "There, that will do: you have all shown great interest in the story." But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said, "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out—

"I want to know what became of that squirrel, that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer: 'you are my man. You have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning and the hired girls and water-pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."—Tact in Court.

A SONG.

"That passed over, and this may, too."
Many sorrows have come and gone,
Pain has tarried—and then passed on,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

This is the song I would sing to you,
Now that trial has come once more,
You've conquered pain in the days of yore,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

Who forgets that the skies are blue,
In dreary seasons of fog and rain?
Tomorrow the wind may shift again,
"That passed over, and this may, too!"

God, who sendeth the summer dew,
Guardeth the daffodil under the snow.
Spring must come, and the winter go.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

—Sara M. Haughton.

LITTLE FERN LEAF.

In a valley centuries ago
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

—Mary Bolles Branch.

He who sells his thoughts for a penny usually gets the best of the bargain.

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